Chains

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/956440.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Violence, prison kink, spoilers from end of season, Pre-Stablised Relationship, Established Relationship, Hannigram - Freeform, Hannibal as a Fallen Angel, Luminescence Series, Romance, Mentally Unstable Will, Manipulation, Blood, Gore, Prison!Will, Prison Visit, Hallucinations, Dream Sequence, Murder Husbands, The mask, some hints of Thomas Harris books, Role Reversal, ALL the tags
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Luminescence
Stats:	Published: 2013-09-06 Words: 929 Chapters: 1/1

Chains

by Bluephoenix669

Summary

There's a thin line, between love and madness. Between dreams and reality. Caught in a dream where future reveals only darkness and despair, Will Graham ponders about the weight of the chains he himself created, and that tied him to this man, this being, he couldn't even think about leaving behind.

Notes

(Work solely dedicated to suecsit (http://archiveofourown.org/users/suecsit/profile). My fabulous RP partner, the sole reason this was inspired. Thank you for creating such a wonderful little world for our muses, and for endless hours of written magic.)

(This one shot is part of a series, called Luminescence, featuring the relationship between Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter)

Chains

Dreams are elusive. Figments of reality. Advices among dusted doors and darkened corridors. When Will Graham dreams... it's always a prelude of horrors to come and desires trapped among the chains of his own mind.

Dreams always managed to fly away, when Will Graham was in Hannibal Lecter's presence. Be it as it may, the warm feelings of safety Will was able to feel made his mind calm, carefully blank. Made his limbs grow relaxed, and his breaths to even out among the soft tell tale of Hannibal's warmth.

But there were times, sometimes, when Hannibal, his personal dream catcher, failed to trap in his web Will's nightmares and they warmed their way in. Often in the form of symbolism's whose meanings were too complex and convoluted for Will to properly understand. Other times in the form of cruel, horrible, despicable visions that only managed to make Will /scream/.

It's dark here. Cold. Will is able to feel the gushes of freezing air condensed among the darkness, seeping through his skin and into his very bones. He can't see. Nor move. Everything a mass of black edges among faint sounds of metal rattling along the floor.

Breathe, Will. Breathe.

Harsh, blinding lights flicker to life in a blink, casting away the darkness and pouring over such blinding white light Will had to recoil back, almost as if he had been hit with a sledgehammer straight to the temple. He blinks rapidly, moisture collecting, red spots dancing on his vision among the lingering confusion.

Light flickers over dark, rocky walls. Along pieces of paper embedded against those same walls. Pieces of writing. Images. Drawings that bled in swirls of black and red ink along the yellowed paper and among the rocky surfaces. Flickering like blood and used oil along the walls.

There's a mirror here, embedded in the walls. It's edges are distorted and broken. The reflection it offers is faint, something flickering in and out of reality, in a mess of colors and forms.

Will looks down at his joined hands. At the big metal shackles surrounding his purplish, bruised wrists. Their weight solid, chains embedded among them and running like serpents along the dark floor.

There is no panic. No fear or nervousness. There's just calmness. Almost... indifference.

Coupled with a feeling of something that stirs and burns, deep inside Will's mind. Something that is equal parts powerful and frightening. Something that twists at Will's insides, lighting his heart.

A heart that beats among the jagged edges of crystal shards...

He risks a glance up, towards the mirror on the wall. The reflection looking back at Will is that of a man, with somber, gleaming eyes that speak of pain, horror and darkness. Edges of a face filled with a tense, feral energy.

Anger. Tension. Frustration. Desperation.

Emotions that had made their home among each patch of skin that adorns Will's face, and his reflection on the mirror.

A washed blue jumpsuit uniform hugs his frame. With lettering in white adorning the breastbone pocket. There's a B... There's an S.... There's an H...

There's also a number there. /B1329-0/

Behind him, the metal bars of the prison entrance gleam. Mockingly.

Will turn's around. The sounds of shackles and metal follow each step he takes. He's behind bars. He's behind bars.

And there's someone else... on the other side of the bars. Outside. Free.

Shadows form around the cloaked figure. There's an instinctual understanding, in the way Will moves towards that form, and in the way he grips the metal bars and then, slowly, begins to slip one hand, the shackles restricting everything, his fingers the only thing peeking out from among the bars.

Cloaked in a black suit. In a black coat. Slicked hair, shining dark blonde under the pale lights. Carefully masked features. Maroon eyes that flicker and swirl with specks of dark red, like aged wine...

… like the rivers of bloody red Will can hear dripping from the walls of his prison.

In front of him, Hannibal Lecter breathes... nostrils flaring, eyes closing.

The shadows among him and the lights play, forming the specters of dark, ragged wings on his back, wings which reflect among the dark walls...

… wings that gleam like the fires of Hell.

"*Will" He breathes, moving closer. His voice a fine, husky whisper. The shadows growing around him. The red glowing more vividly among the dark maroon.*

"*Hannibal" Will whispers back, moving closer, closer, his body pressed against the bars... his fingers contracting like claws, trying to grip the black coat, the vest suit.*

The bars separates them. One in the other out. Which one is in? Which one is out? Which one is free? Which one is bound?

It doesn't matter.

“*Worry not, Will...” Hannibal says then, a flash of red... the sound of metal clashing against metal.*

… Screams.

Flickers of bleeding metal, sliding along the sharp contours of Hannibal Lecter's face. Over his lips, along his cheeks, darkness obscuring the lower part of his face, melting among his handsome skin, and twisting into the bloody shadows of a dark... dark mask.

“*... Nothing would tear you away from me”*

Their lips met amongst the bars, among the bleeding mask, and the bloody rain that slowly began to fall from the rocky ceiling.

And in that moment, in the deepest confines of a warped reality, Will Graham woke up, seizing up from a cold bed as if propelled by an unnatural force, a ecstatic scream bursting like the how of a deranged beast, from the deepest confines of his broken soul.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!